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THE BIRD'S NEST.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

IT wins my admiration
To view the structure of that little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without;
No tool has he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to drive, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all;
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship beside,
Could make me such another?

And here is the nest all made, and four little wee birdies in it. Do you know that God, the great God, has made a law about such a little thing as a bird's nest? You have known boys to go hunting in the woods for birds' eggs, and sometimes they treat the mother-bird very cruelly. But God says you must always let the mother-bird go. If you want the eggs for some good reason you can have them, and she will lay some more, but you must never hurt the birds, that have taken so much pains to make their curious nest. You could n't make one; no, indeed. Now remember, God forbids your hurting the birds. He wants you to be kind, and he gives a nice promise to those who are. He says, "that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days." Cruel children often come to a bad end; they have trouble and sorrow. Be kind to everything that has life.

LOVING MOTHER.

AT one of the little feasts gotten up for some of the poor children, a whole row of boys sat on a bench, all enjoying the cakes but one. With a pinched, sad face he sat at the end, and seemed to have been forgotten.

"Have you no cake?" a lady asked him.

He opened his tattered coat and pointed to a fine large one.

"Why do n't you eat it?"

"I do n't want to."

"Why? Do n't you like it?"

He looked up with tearful eyes. "I 'd like dearly to eat it," he said, "but my mother—she 's at home, and she 's hungry. I want to carry it to her."

He was promised another for his mother, and then you ought to have seen how eagerly he ate it. He had eaten nothing all day till then.

Little Mary was very sick; she could not rise from her poor bed, but she loved to have the mission teacher come in and talk to her about Jesus. One day when they were speaking of dying, she looked very thoughtful.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" said the teacher.

She gave a little sigh, and then she said, "I wish my clothes were big enough to fit my mother; I will soon have a white robe in the happy land, and there I shall never need any more."

She too loved her mother. And both of these were very poor children. Dear little readers, do you love your mothers so much as to think of their comfort, and deny yourselves for them?

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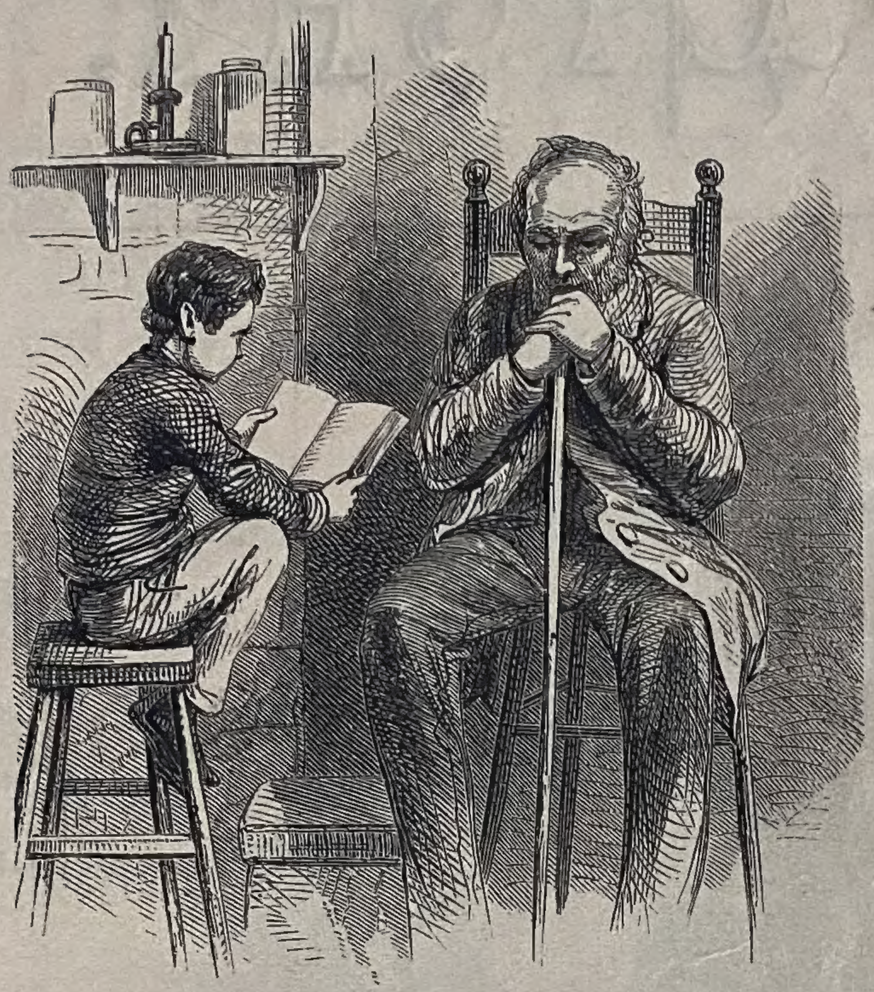
MORNING LIGHT.

MAY 15, 1883.

WONDERFUL ROCKS, No. 5.

THIS tall rock is the Aiguille du Dru. It is among the Alps in Switzerland. Aiguille means needle, and you can see why it is so named. It is ten thousand feet high.

Its top is almost always hidden in clouds. The snow cannot rest on its steep sides. It has no trees or verdure, excepting, perhaps, in some crevice here or there a bit of grass may grow or a little flower may bloom.



THE OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

My lad, full many a storm has beat
  Upon my silvered hairs,
And many a shower of mercy sweet
  Has also soothed my cares.

For fourscore years and nearly five,
  I've seen the summers smile;
And very few are now alive
  Who shared my youthful toil.

And, oh, my limbs are weary now,
  My eyes are waxing dim;
And time is passing from my view,
  While Death—I welcome him;

For I have found the Pearl of Price,
  The Jewel of my heart;
Christ is the fountain of my joys,
  And we shall never part.

And since I've seen Immanuel's charms
  His love has been my song;
And this amid the last alarms
  Shall fill my trembling tongue.

Oh heed, my boy, the joyful sound,
  The sweet, immortal theme;
For solid bliss alone is found
  In Jesus' blessed name.

OUT OF BIBLE.

A BIBLE missionary was once travelling through the Western country. He used to go to every house and ask if they had n Bible, and if they had none he would try to persuade them to buy one; and if they were too poor for that he would give them one.

He stopped one day at a forlorn-looking log house. A rough farmer bade him come in, and as the family were just sitting down to dinner, he was invited to eat. After dinner he told his errand.

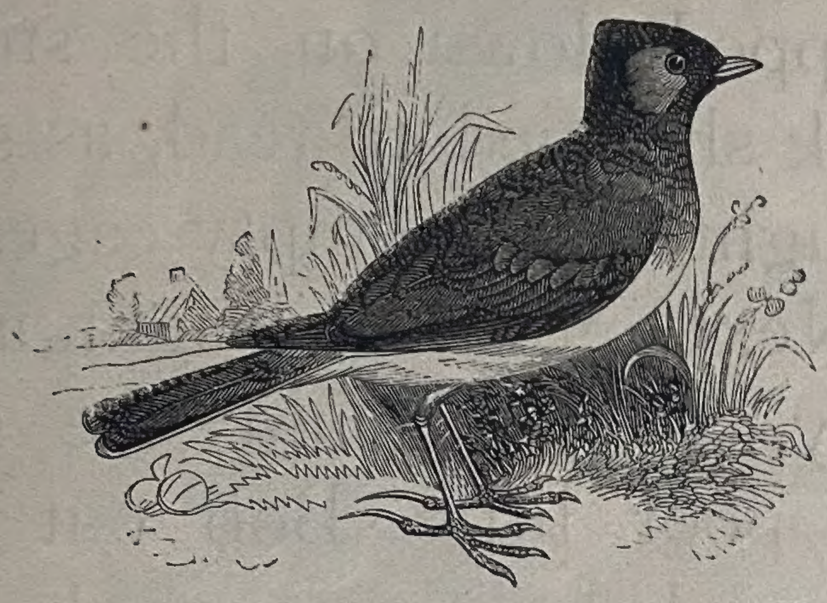
"Have you a Bible here?" he asked.

"I think I have, sure," answered the farmer, and he began hunting in the closet for it. At last he found a few torn leaves of a New Testament. "Well, I declare, stranger," said he, "I do need some more Bible; I didn't know we were so near out!"

It is a bad thing to get out of, children, in our homes. We sometimes get out of coal, or flour, or sugar, or shoes, but to get out of Bible is worse than all. The Bible contains the food for our souls, which we need to eat that our souls may live.

Some people have the Bible, but they do not use it. It is put away like the medicine chest, only to be used on special occasions. But this is not the right way; we need to read it every day.

EVERY man, says a Persian legend, has two angels—one upon his right shoulder, the other upon his left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is once well done is done for ever. When he does an evil act, the angel on the left shoulder writes it down, but does not seal it, waiting until midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head, and exclaims, "Gracious Allah, I have sinned; forgive me!" the angel rubs it out; but if not, he seals it, and the angel on the right shoulder weeps.



HOW A LARK PREACHED.

DID you ever see or hear a lark? It is an English bird, and is a wonderful singer. In the morning he soars almost out of sight, singing most sweetly his hymns of praise to the great Creator.

A young man once went from England to Australia to dig in the gold mines. He was very lonely and homesick, so he sent for his father and mother to come out, and above all things to bring a lark with them. He said they had no singing birds in Australia. There were plenty of birds with bright plumage, but they chattered and screeched and made all kinds of unmusical noises, and he longed to hear once more the sweet songs he had been used to at home.

The parents of the lad came and brought the lark, and he was hung in his cage outside the cabin, and began to sing. The effect on the rough miners was wonderful. They would stop as they went by, and listen, and say to each other, "Have you heard the lark?"

When Sunday came, these hard-working people washed and dressed themselves in their best, and came from twenty miles around to hear the lark sing. It reminded them of the Sunday chimes and church services of their native land. After an hour's steady singing, the little warbler would stop to rest, and the people would go home, happier and really better for what they had heard.

So the little bird preached, just by singing, week after week. And you, dear little child, can preach by singing too. Did you ever think of it? Sing the sweet hymns you learn at Sunday-school at home every day. Sing softly, but sing the words very plainly, so that those who are near you can understand them. The hymns are full of the good news of salvation by Jesus Christ, and you may sing them into many a weary, sinful heart, which you could not reach in any other way.

A POOR Chinaman became blind, and went into the hospital. While there he learned to read the Bible in the raised printing used for the blind. He said to the missionary, "God make me no see here (pointing to his eyes); but he make me see so muchee here (placing his hand on his heart), I welly glad."

THE SQUIRREL VISITOR.

JANE had a pretty little red squirrel in a cage, which seemed to lead a happy life for a prisoner. All his wants were well supplied without a care on his part. His nuts were cracked, so he had only the meats to pick out with his sharp teeth. But one day Jane was thinking it all over and wondering whether Bobby didn't long for his greenwood trees and his happy little mates. As she was a tender-hearted little girl, she concluded to let him go. So the cage was taken out into the yard, and with a very loving farewell he was sent on his way rejoicing. Jenny could not rejoice quite yet, and I am not sure but some tears dropped down on the story book she tried to read, as she thought of the empty cage.

Next morning, bright and early, what should she see but poor little Bob out by his bench, hunting around anxiously, as if to say, "Where's my house?"

Oh, how joyfully the little girl ran up garret to get it; and in skipped Bobby as happy as a cricket, and began to spin his wheel with all his might, and have a fine play-spell. He took his breakfast and then flew off again to his forest home. Another time he came with a little mate, who was rather shy of the cage at first, but finally went in, and both had a kind of squirrel picnic. He came off and on all through the summer, and Jenny thought it even pleasanter to have a squirrel visitor than one in a cage. It is wonderful what love and kindness can do in winning the confidence of even the shyest of God's little creatures.

BEAUTIFUL MAY.

THE beautiful month of May has come. How lovely are the sunshine, the gold-spangled grass, the blossoms on the trees, the singing of the birds, the bright flowers.

"I am so glad May has come," said little May Banks; "it is my month, I was named for it."

"Then you must try to be sweet as the May," said mamma. "You know March is the month for rough winds, and April for showers, but May is the month for flowers. I thought I saw some clouds and rain just now in my May."

"It's all cleared away now, mamma; see;" and the little girl lifted up a face so bright and fresh that no one could believe it had ever known a frown.

"I wish it was always so, dearie; can't you try to have it?"

"How can I, mamma? I wish so too, but the clouds come so sudden, so sudden, mamma; and then there's a shower, and oh, I feel so bad. There are no flowers then," and she shook her head gravely.

"Let the sunshine of God's love light up the face always, dear child."

SPRING FLOWERS.

OLD mother earth woke up from sleep
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear!
"Alas!" she sighed with great dismay,
"Oh where shall I get my clothes?
There is not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass,
Just looking above the ground;
"A dress of green, of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around."
"And we," said the dandelions gay,
"Will dot it with yellow bright."
"I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not,
"Of blue, very soft and light."
"We'll embroider the front," said the violets,
"With a lovely purple hue;"
"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown
Of red, jewelled over with dew."

"And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade
Where the lady's eardrops live;
"Orange is a color for any queen,
And the best that we have to give."
Old mother earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little one,
She is looking so lovely to-day. Selected.

THE INFANT JESUS.

How Mary must have loved the babe
  God sent to her from heaven;
We know each mother loves her own—
  But never such was given;
He was a pure and lovely child,
  Without a taint of sin;
Holy and harmless, undefiled,
  To heaven and God akin.

How must the angel hosts above,
  Who bowed before his face,
Have missed the object of their love
  From out the heavenly place;
And with what tender care have watched
  His infant slumbers here,
And almost envied Mary's joy
  Holding the babe so near!

Oh, why was Jesus born on earth?
  Why did he choose to come
Down to this world of sin and woe,
  So many years to roam,
And then to suffer shame and death
  Upon the cruel cross?
Oh, why should Christ, the Son of God,
  Endure such pain and loss!

It was to rescue sinful men,
  To save a child like me;
He hungered, wept, and toiled, and died,
  That I might happy be.
Dear Jesus, Saviour, may thy love
  So tender, strong and pure,
Melt my cold heart, and win for thee
  My service evermore.

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